

T H E
EXCURSION.
A
P O E M.

992 h.7

I N
Two B O O K S.

David Mallet.

*Quis Mihi jure succenseat si, quantum Cæteris ad
Voluptates, & ad ipsam Requiem Animi & Cor-
poris conceditur Temporis: quantum Alii tribu-
unt intempestivis Conviviis, quantum denique
Aleæ: tantum Mihi Egomet ad hæc Studia reco-
lenda sumpsero?*

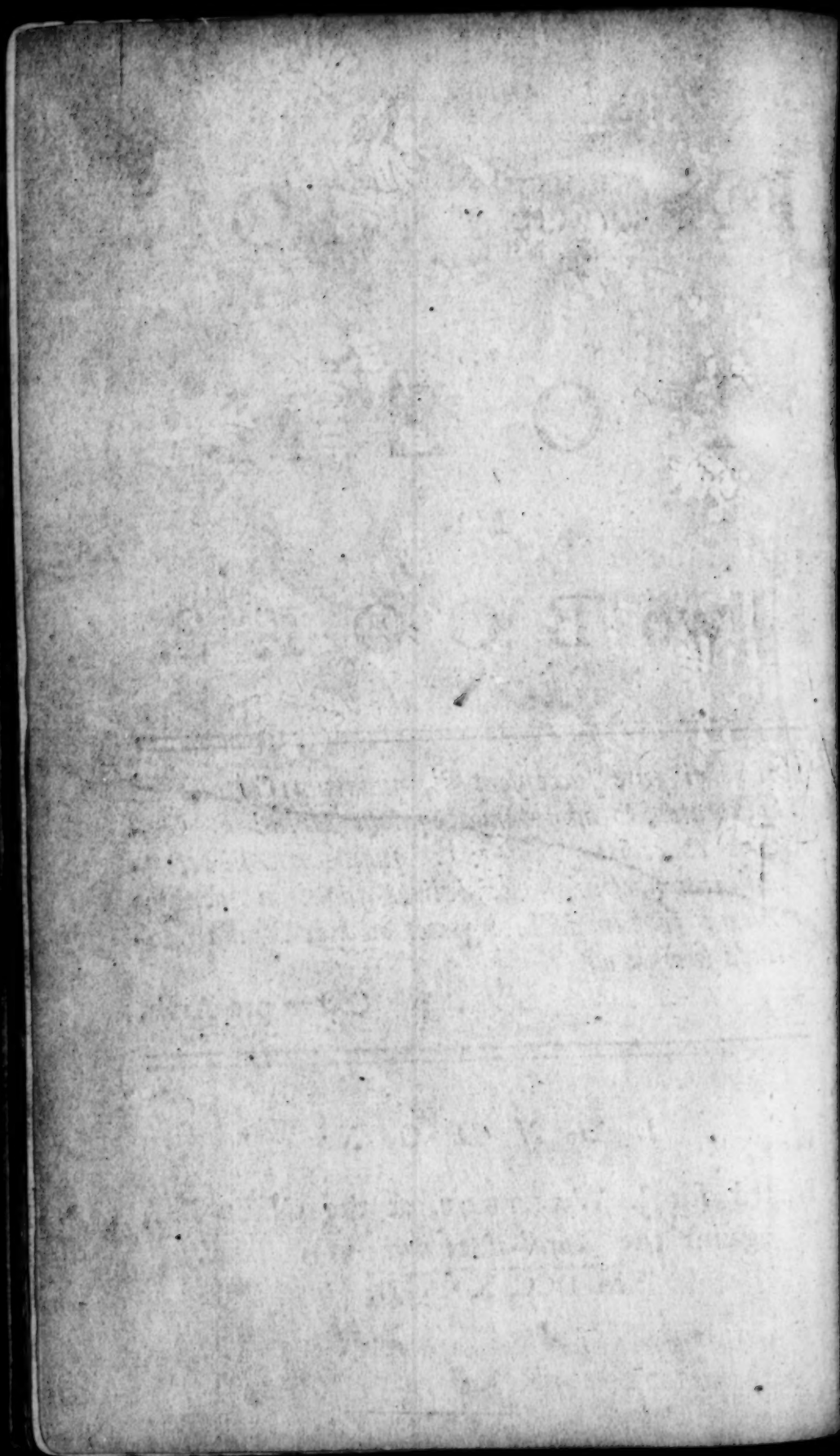
Cicero pro Arch.

L O N D O N:

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*John Hall: Mark
1728*





ADVERTISEMENT.


S my Intention, in the following Piece, was only to describe some of the most remarkable Appearances of NATURE, the Reader will not find in it that Unity, and Regularity of Design, which are essential to Epic and Dramatic Writings. And this I readily acknowledge to be a Fault; tho' I hope it may be forgiven to a young Author, who, from Want of Skill and Experience in his Art, may sometimes find it necessary, in a first Performance, to indulge a freer and more unconfined Range of Imagination. If the different Scenes, which these Verses attempt to describe, are introduced

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duced without Confusion, and drawn with some Degree of Spirit and Justness, perhaps the unprejudiced Reader will not be displeased even with this loose Essay, on a Theme so various and difficult.

N. B. *The little Poem, that follows this, is added here, only because it was printed formerly from an incorrect Copy.*

E R R A T A.

Page 50. line 1. read, *Of Worlds full-peopled, &c.* P. 58. l. 12. after *approched*, dele the *Comma*. P. 61. l. 9. dele the *Punctum*. P. 65. l. 1. for *whisen*, r. *whitens*.

T H E



T H E

EXCURSION.

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ
Accipiant, Cœlique Vias, & Sidera monstrent;
Defectus Solis varios, Lunæque Labores:
Unde Tremor Terris; qua Vi Maria alta tumescant
Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant.*

VIRG.



ANCY, creative Power, at whose
Command

Arise unnumber'd Images of Things,
Thy hourly Offspring; Thou whose
mighty Will

Peoples with airy Shapes the pathless Vale,

B

Where

Where penfive *Meditation* loves to stray,
Fancy, with me range *Earth's* extended Space,
Surveying Nature's Works: and thence aloft,
Spread to superior *Worlds* thy bolder Wing,
Unweary'd in thy Flight. Hence from the Haunts
Of Men, where daring Vice and Folly reign,
Triumphant, grac'd with Titles, high in Power,
By servile Flattery sooth'd: from these away

To yon Expanse of Plains, where *Truth* delights,
Simple of Heart; where parting *Spring* has left
Her Mantle, Flower-embroider'd, on the Ground.
While *Summer* laughing comes, and bids the *Months*
Crown his prime Season with their choicest Stores,
Fresh Flowers unfolding to the solar Ray,
And Fruits slow-swelling on the loaded Bough.

Here

Here let me frequent roam, preventing Morn,
Alone, attentive to the wakeful Cock,
Who, from the distant Village in the Vale,
Lifts up his Voice, resounding thro' the Gloom,
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-Sky,
She rules the fable Hour; and calls her Train
Of secret *Horrors*, the distressful *Dream*,
And causeless *Fear*, that wander in the Dark
To mock unresting Fancy, oft awake
While Reason flumbring lies—at once they fly,
As Shadows pass, nor is their Path beheld.

Now sacred *Morn*, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy Radiance, brightning o'er the World,
The western Grey of yonder breaking Clouds

Slow-reddens into Flame. The parting Mists,
From off the Mountain's Brow, roll blue away
In rising Waves, and open all his Woods,
A nodding, silvan Scene. The Plains below,
Last-visited, put on a sudden Robe,
Rich Purple wrought on high of temper'd Light,
Nature, exulting, calls forth all her Sweets,
Fragrance and Song: a thousand unfown Flowers
Breathe their embosom'd Odours, and perfume
The Breeze that early blows: a thousand Birds,
Or on the Wing, or secret in the Shade,
Rejoycing warble wild their *Matin* Hymns,

Invited by the chearful Morn abroad,
See, from his humble Roof, the *Good Man* comes
To taste her Freshness, and improve her Rife

In holy Mus'ing. Rapture in his Eye,
 And kneeling Wonder speak his silent Soul,
 With Gratitude o'erflowing and with Praise!
 Heaven looks delighted down, and on his Head
 Showers those *first* Blessings, inward Calm and
 Light,
 Vertue's Reward; but from the golden Couch,
 Where slumbers guilty *Greatness*, turns away,
 Averse, abhorrent of the shameful Night,
 Lost in loose Riot, and impure Desires.

On this hoar Hill, that climbs above the Plain
 Half Way up Heaven ambitious, pleas'd we stand,
 Respiring purer Air, whose Gale ascends
 Full-fraught with Health, from Herbs and Flowers
 exhal'd.

Above,

Above, the Round of Ether without Cloud,
Boundless Expansion, all unruffled shines.
Beneath, the far-stretch'd Landschape, Hill and
Dale ;
The Precipice abrupt ; the distant Main ;
The nearer Forest in wide Circuit spread,
Solemn Recess and still ! whose mazy Walks
Fair *Truth* and *Wisdom* love ; the bordering Lawn,
With Flocks and Herds enrich'd ; the daify'd Vale ;
The River's Azure, and the Meadow's Green,
Grateful Diversity ! allure the Eye
Abroad, to rove amidst unnumber'd Charms.

Of Nature's Works we talk, and Nature's God,
Eternal, infinite, all-perfect *Mind*,
Maker omnipotent, before whose Throne

Sits sovereign *Goodness*, and thro' Heaven and Earth,
Ceaseless diffuses Plenitude of Bliss.

Him all Things own; He speaks, and it is *Day*:
Obedient to His Nod, alternate *Night*
Obscures the World: the *Seasons* at His Call
Succeed in Train, and lead the Year around.

While thus we mingle Thoughts and rise to
Heaven,

About us, Angels hovering on the Wing,
Inhabitants with God, rejoyce to hear:

And in *still Whispers*, soft as Zephire's Breath

When scarce the green Leaf trembles, aid our
Vows,

And kindle every Vertue into Flame!

Cœlestial Intercourse! superior Bliss,

Which

Which Vice ne'er knew ! Health of the vigorous
Soul,

Enlivening all her Powers ! thus ever fix'd

In Solitude, may I, obscurely safe,

Deceive Mankind, and *steal* thro' Life along,

As slides the Foot of *Time*, all-unobserv'd !

Exalted to his Noon the fervent Sun,

Full-blazing o'er the blue Immense, burns out

With fierce Effulgence : Majesty of Light

Invests Him dazzling, and forbids Approach.

Sick Nature pants ; and from the cleaving Earth

Light Vapours, undulating thro' the Air,

Contagious fly, engendring dire Disease,

Red Plague and Fever : or, in Fogs aloft

Condensing, shew a ruffling Tempest night.

And see ! ascending in the distant North,
And rolling gloomy on, collected Clouds,
Broad, o'er the World, draw deep a dreadful Night.
The Winds are hush'd ; the homeward Birds on
Wing

Haste from the Hour of Terror and of Storm.
Now, thro' the louring Air, the Lightning's Flash,
Quick-glancing, darts a Moment's horrid Day :
The Thunder now, rous'd in his dark Abode,
First in faint Mutterings grumbles from afar,
Awfully heard, awakning dismal Thought !
Dumb Sadness fills this nether World ; and fast
The Darkness doubles, and the Tempest swells :
Till, bursting from on high, a mingled Flood,
Far-sounding e'er it falls, of Hail and Rain

Pours on the Plains, impetuous, heavy, loud,
Drenching the hoary Head of flow-pac'd *Age*,
O'ertaken on his chearless Way alone.

Again the Thunder, bellowing over-head
In broken Peals, rolls hoarse from Cloud to Cloud,
Roar hurrying after Roar, and loudning still
At each last Burst, which rocks the hollow Vault
Of Heaven. Again the nimble Lightning flames,
Incessant, thwarting, thro' th'expansive Dark
On all Sides burning; now the Face of Things
Disclosing, swallow'd now at once in Night.
Horror sits shuddering in the guilty Breast,
And feels the deathful Flash before it flies :
Each sleeping Sin, excited, starts to View,
And all is Storm within. The *Murderer*,

Roaming

Roaming and restless in the deepest Shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursu'd by all his Fears:
And sees the bleeding *Shadow* of the *Slain*
Rise hideous, glaring on Him thro' the Gloom!

Appeas'd at last, the Tumult of the Skies
Subsides, the Thunder's falling Roar is hush'd:
At once the Clouds fly scattering, and the Sun
Flashes a boundless Splendor o'er the World,
Parent of Light and Joy! to all Things He
New Life restores, and from each drooping Field
Draws the redundant Rain, in climbing Mists
Fast-rising to his Ray; till every Flower
Lifts up its Head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful Silence over all,
From Sense of late-felt Danger: but at length,
Confirm'd, the brute Creation, in mix'd Quire,
Rejoice aloud to Heaven; and on each Hand,
The Woodlands warble, and the Vallies low.
So pass the songful Hours: and now the Sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western Main,
Whose fluctuating Bosom, blushing red
The Space of many Seas beneath his Force,
Heaves in soft Swellings murmuring to the Shore,
A circling Glory glows around his Disk
Of milder Beams: part, streaming o'er the Sky,
Inflame the distant Azure: part below
Shoot thro' the waving Wood in level Lines,
Tinging the Green with Gold. The gather'd Clouds,

Lucid

Lucid or dusk, with shadow'd Light distain'd,
Float in gay Pomp along th' Horizon's Bound,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into Shapes
Of pleasing Imagèry, transient Towers,
And Hills of white Extent, that rise and sink
As sportful *Fancy* lifts ; till late the Sun
Withdrawing, all th' aerial Landfchape fades.

Distinction fails ; and in the darkning West,
The last Light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illusive *Flame*, oft seen at Eve,
Glides o'er the Lawn, betokning *Night's* Approach :
Onward *She* comes with silent Step and flow,
In her brown Mantle wrapt, and brings along
The serious *Hour*, and solemn *Thoughtfulness*.

Musing,

Musing, in sober Mood, of *Time* and *Life*,
That fly with unreturning Wing away
To far *Eternity*, the World unknown
Where *Vision* reigns, thro' desert Ways I walk:
Or to the Cypress-Grove, at Twilight shun'd
By passing Swains. The chill Breeze murmurs low,
And the Boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With Fancy all-arous'd. — Far on the Left,
Shoots up a shapeless Rock of dusky Height,
The Raven's Haunt: and down its woody Steep,
A dashing Flood in headlong Torrent hurls
His sounding Waters; white on every Cliff,
Hangs the light Foam, and sparkles thro' the Gloom.

Behind

Behind me rises huge an awful *Pile*,
Sole on this blasted Heath, a Place of Tombs,
Waste, desolate, where *Ruin* dreary dwells,
Brooding o'er sightless Sculls, and crumbling Bones.
Ghastrful *He* sits, and eyes with stedfast Glare
The Column grey with Moss, the falling Bust,
The Time-shook Arch, the monumental Stone,
Impair'd, effac'd, and hastening into Dust,
Unfaithful to their Charge of flattering Fame.
All is dread Silence here, and undisturb'd,
Save what the Wind sighs, and the wailing Owl
Screams solitary to the mournful Moon,
Glimmering her western Ray thro' yonder *Isle*,
Where the sad *Spirit* walks with shadowy Foot
His wonted Round, or lingers o'er his Grave.

Hail

Hail Midnight-Shades ! hail venerable Dome !
Sure, last Retreat from all the ceaseless Ills,
Fears for th' uncertain Future, present Woes,
A numerous Band ! that wait on human Life,
The Weary are at Rest ; the Small and Great
Meet at their Journey's End, and mingle here.
Here sleeps the Prisoner safe, thro' Death's long
Night,
Nor hears th' Oppressor's Voice. The Poor and Old,
With all the Sons of Mourning, fearless now
Of Want or Woe, find unalarm'd Repose.
Proud Greatness too, the Tyranny of Power,
The Grace of Beauty, and the Force of Youth,
And *Name* and *Place*, are here,—for ever lost !

Here,

Here, humbled in the Dust, forgotten lies,
Whom Wealth and outward Beauty join'd to raise
Conspicuous ; but ill-match'd his groveling Soul,
The Scourge of Worth, the friendless Good Man's
Foe,

Unletter'd *Nireus*. Once how basely fear'd,
And honour'd, by the fawning Tribe He fed !
Now scorn'd his fallen Name, his Ashes spurn'd :
Such Recompence awaits the worthless Great
From the mean Flatterer, trusted and lov'd.
Ill-judging Mind ! presumptuous, wild of Head,
From Reason sunk into the bestial Life !
Thy Flow of Riot ; thy unlicens'd Joys,
Led on by gay Desire, and smiling Hope,
False Promiser ! but follow'd by Dis taste,

D

Remorse,

Remorse, and ruthless Bitterness of Soul,
Urg'd Thee, unmourn'd, inglorious, to thy End.

But, at near Distance, on the mouldering Wall
Behold a Monument, with Emblem grac'd,
And fair Inscription : where with Head declin'd,
And folded Arms, the *Vertues* weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous Youth who dies below.
Thyrsis — 'tis He! the Wisest and the Best!
Lamented Shade! to whom every Gift of Heaven
Profusely blest : all Learning was his own.
Pleasing his Speech, by Nature taught to flow,
Persuasive Sense and strong, sincere and clear.
His Manners greatly Plain; a noble Grace,
Self-taught, beyond the Reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him : his calm Temper winning mild;

Nor *Pity* softer, nor was *Truth* more bright.
Constant in doing well, He neither sought,
Nor shun'd Applause. No bashful Merit sigh'd
Near him neglected : sympathizing He
Wept for the Woe Himself had never known,
And often wip'd the Tear from *Sorrow's* Eye
With kindly Hand, and taught her Heart to smile.

'Tis Morning ; and the Sun, his welcome Light,
Swift, from beyond dark Ocean's orient Stream,
Casts thro' the Air, enlightning Nature's Face
With new-born Beauty. O'er her ample Breast,
O'er Sea and Shore, light *Fancy* speeds along,
Quick as the darted Beam, from Pole to Pole,
Excursive Traveller. Now beneath the North,
Alone with *Winter* in his Frost-bound Realm !

Where, a white Waste of Ice, the Polar Sea
Casts cold a cheerless Light: where Hills of Snow,
Pil'd up from eldest Ages, Hill on Hill,
In blue, bleak Precipices rise to Heaven.
Yet here, even here in this unjoyous World,
Adventrous Mortals, urg'd by Thirst of Gain,
Thro' floating Isles of Ice and fighting Storms,
Roam the wild Waves, in Search of doubtful
Shores,
By *West* or *East*, a Path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the *Tartar's* cruel Coast,
By utmost Ocean wash'd, on whose last Wave
The blue Sky leans her Breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary Length the *Desart* lies,

Where

Where *Desolation* keeps his empty Court.

No Bloom of Spring, o'er all the thirsty Vast,

Nor spiry Grass is found ; but Sands instead

In sterile Hills, and rough Rocks rising grey.

A Land of Fears ! where visionary Forms

Of grievously *Spectres* from Air, Flood, and Fire,

Swarm—and before them speechless *Horror* stalks !

To Mischief prone, unfriendly to Mankind,

Of on the Border of the Waste they stand,

Waiting the Traveller who unwary turns

This Way his Step, and with false Objects shewn,

Unreal and enchanting, draw Him on

Within their Verge : then call the Winds to blow

A blinding Tempest, and around his Head

Whirl

Whirl a whole Plain — o'erwhelm'd he dies
unknown,

Unpity'd, far from Aid and Eye of Man.

Here, Night by Night, beneath the starless
Dusk,

Crouding in Troops, the Sorcerer and the Witch,
Their Rites Hell-taught perform, and Spells
compose.

Late, at the Hour that severs Night from Morn,
When Sleep has silenc'd every Thought of Man,
They to their Revels fall, infernal Throng!

And as they mix in circling Dance, or turn
To the four Winds of Heaven with haggard Gaze,
Shot streaming from the Bosom of the North,
Opening the hollow Gloom, red Meteors blaze

To lend them Light, and sudden Thunders roll,
Rumbling in broken Murmurs over-head.

From these sad Plains, the waste Abodes of
Death,

With devious Wing to fairer Climes remote
Southward I stray; where *Caucasus* in View,
Bulwark of Nations, in broad Eminence
Stretches from Realm to Realm a hundred Hills,
Pale-glittering with eternal Snows to Heaven.

From this chill Steep, which Midnight's highest
Shades

Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring
Woods,

Boundless I gaze the Wonders of the Globe;
Her azure Seas, and intermingled Isles;

Her

Her Hills, and Continents, with all the Tribes
Of Humankind, to farthest Point of South,
O'ercast with tedious Night : and West as far
In that new World, o'er undiscover'd Lands,
Beat by th' Atlantick Surge. But nearer Scenes,
Fertile and happy, which the Sun's bright Eye
Surveys direct, invite my willing Steps.

Here see around Me rising thural Groves,
And Mountains crown'd with aromattick Woods,
In waving Prospect seen, with Vales amidst
Lavish of Flowers, where gentle Rivers wind
Majestic to the Main : where *Spring* resides,
Queen of the Year, indulging to each Field
Breezes cool-whispering, Fountains, Streams, and
Shades.

Fair Solitudes ! where all is Paradise:
Where oft, at Evening-Hour, the Wife and Good
Are found, in social Talk of Heaven-born Truth,
Of Moral Ties, of Happiness, of Him,
Author of all ! who on the rural Life
Showers Blessings, to the Soul inspiring Peace,
And sacred Transport, which no Clouds of Guilt
Obscure, nor Winds of rising Passion vex.

On yonder Height, a spacious City spreads
In round Extent magnificent, and seems
The Seat of Empire. Dazling in the Sky,
With far-seen Blaze her towry Structures shine,
Elaborate Works of Art ! her opening Gates
Pour forth their Thousands. Peace and Plenty
round

E

Environ

Environ Her ; and in her Palaces
Learning exalts his Head, by all rever'd,
Enriching all from Wisdom's copious Store.
How fair and fortunate ! how worthy all
Of lasting Bliss secure ! Yet all must fail,
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their Place be
found !

A fullen Calm, unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the World.
The beamless Sun looks wan ; a sighing Cold
Winters the shadow'd Air ; the Birds on high,
Shrieking, give Sign of fearful Change at Hand :
And now those *nether Fires* that peaceful slept,
Disperst within the Bosom of the Globe,
Winding their subtle Way thro' cavern'd Cells,

Havah

Which

Which vault th'incumbent Hills, at length
 combine,
 A dreadful Host! and mixing all their Powers
 Of unimagi'd Force, exploded, burst
 Their Central Prison— shook from Shore to Shore,
 Reels the broad Continent with all its Load,
 Hills, Cities, Forests: the lone Desert quakes;
 Her savage Sons howl to the Thunder's Groan,
 And Lightning's ruddy Glare: while from be-
 neath,
 Deaf, distant Roarings, thro' the void Profound,
 Rueful are heard, as when *Despair* complains.

Gather'd in Air, o'er that proud *Capital*,
 Frowns an involving Cloud of gloomy Depth,
 Casting dun Night and Terror o'er the Heads

Of her Inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful Skies around;
A Moment's Silence—till loud Clamours rise,
And Hurry all-confus'd—no Time for Thought,
Or slow-resolving Purpose: Crowds on Crowds,
Thronging tumultuous, fly with Fear-urg'd Haste,
Unknowing where; while half the Globe convuls'd

Trembles with second Agony. Upheav'd
In Billows, her vext Surface rows a Sea.
Ruine ensues: Towers, Temples, Palaces,
Flung from their deep Foundations, Pile on Pile,
Fall thundring—In that universal Groan,
Sounding to Heaven, expir'd a thousand Lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd Wreck!

Sight full of Fate ! up from the Centre torn,
The Ground yauns horrible a hundred Gulphs,
Flashing pale Flames—down thro' the Depths
profound,

Screaming, whole Crowds of every Age and Rank,
With Hands to Heaven rais'd high imploring Aid,
Prone to th' Abyfs descend, and o'er their Heads
Earth shuts her ponderous Jaws. Part lost in
Night

Return no more : part on the wafting Wave,
Born thro' the Darknefs of th' infernal World,
Far distant rife, emerging with the Flood,
Pale as afcending Ghosts caft back to Day,
A fhuddering Band ! Diftraction in each Eye
Stares wildly motionlefs : they pant, they catch

A Gulp of Air, and grasp with dying Aim
 The Wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,
 Short Interval ! a Moment's doubtful Life.
 For now, Earth's solid Sphere asunder rent
 With total Diffolution, the huge Mass
 Fails undermin'd— down sinks th' extensive Seat
 Of this fair City : down her Buildings sink,
 With horrible Confusion and dire Noise.
 Sinks the full Pride which her wide Walls en-
 clos'd,

Wreck of an Instant ! Uproar unconceiv'd !
 Image of Nature's general Frame destroy'd !

Dreadful Destruction ! where is now the Boast
 Of her Renown unequal'd ! where are all

Those

Those Chiefs of Peace and War, whom Arts and
Arms

Ennobled! where the Fame of Beauty's Power,
With Worship serv'd! Vain Trust of Humankind!
All lost in one sad Hour—a Tale of Woe
For late Posterity with Tears to tell!

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The Purposes of Heaven! at once o'erthrown,
White Age and Youth, the Guilty and the Just,
O seemingly severe! promiscuous fall.

Reason, whose daring Eye in vain explores
The fearful Providence, confus'd, subdu'd
To Silence and Amazement, with due Praise
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His Will unerring, Wisest, Justest, Best!

The

The Country mourns around with alter'd Look :
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd *Spring*
Sate gaily drest amid the vernal Breath
Of Roses, and the Song of Nightingales,
Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die.
Rivers engulph'd, their ample Channels leave
A sandy Tract: and goodly Mountains, hurl'd
In Whirlwind from their Seat, obstruct the Plain
With rough Incumbrance ; or thro' Depths of
Earth
Fall ruinous with all their Woods immers'd.

Sulphureous Damps of dark and deadly Power,
Steam'd from th' Abyfs, fly secret over-head,

Wound-

Wounding the healthful Air; whence foul
Disease,

Murrain and Rot, in tainted Herds and Flocks.

In Man fore Sicknefs, and the Lamp of Life

Dim'd and diminish'd; or more fatal Ill

Of Mind, unsettling Reason overturn'd.

Here into Madness work'd, and boiling o'er

Outrageous Fancies, like the troubled Sea

Foaming out Mud and Filth: here downward

funk

To Folly, and in idle Musing wrapt;

Now chacing with fond Aim the flying Cloud;

Now numbring up the Drops of falling Rain.

Nor to one Tract of Earth confin'd, the *Flames*

Spread on to distant Regions, and arouse

F

The

- The dread *Volcano*, from whose sulphurous Pit,
• Store-House of Fire, ascends eternal Smoke,
A dusky Column heightning to the Sun !

Imagination's Eye looks down dismay'd

The steepy Gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly Tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
To sevenfold Fury. First, discordant Sounds,
As of a clamouring Multitude enrag'd,

The Dash of Floods, and hollow Howl of
Winds,

Rise from the distant Depth where Uproar
reigns.

Anon, with black Eruption, in foul Storm,

A Night of Smoke, thick-driving, Cloud on
Cloud,

Rolls forth; and vollied Sparkles, and the
Shot

Of whirling Stones that rattle up the Air.

Instant, in one red Burst, a Flood of Fire,

Wide-issuing, burns the dark Horizon's Breadth,

In sanguine Streams. Nor Pause nor Rest:

again,

Thro' all his Caverns shook, the Mountain groans

Amazing, and disgorges fiercer Flames,

Spire after Spire enormous; and torn Rocks,

Flung out in thundering Ruins to the Sky.

Mean while the liquid Lake that works below,

Of blended Minerals and Metallic Oar,

Mad-boiling from its lowest Cave, o'erflows

A Deluge, burning in broad Waves adown

The Mountain's Side, and breaking to the Plain,
Divided there, a thousand Torrent Streams,
Each ploughing up its Way, roll ruddy on,
Resiftless, Villages, and Woods, and Rocks,
Fall fast before their Sweep: the Region round,
Where late were Myrtle Shades and Olive Groves,
The Shepherd's Noonday-Walk, from End to
End

Lys buried under Fire, a glowing Sea!

With last Effort, beyond all Bound enrag'd,
The Flames bear downward on the *Central Deep*,
That mighty World of Waters unexplor'd,
Immeasurable Source, whence Ocean fills
His numerous Seas, and pours them round the
Globe.

The

The liquid *Orb*, thro' all its dark Extent,
Swells, rarified immense: and bursting Way
Up thro' th' unfounded Bottoms of the Main,
Where Tempest never ruffled, heaves the Deeps,
At once, in billowy Mountains to the Sky,
With raving Violence. The wild Expanse,
Hung round with mantling Darknefs, to the Hearts
Of wretched Mortals, tossing in the Storm,
Strikes inexpressive Dread: unknown the Cause
Of those Commotions; for all Winds are still,
And Ocean slept but now. Each Roar is heard,
As Fate's last Messenger: each distant Surge,
Towering aloft, is deem'd the fatal Rock
Which rises for their Ruin: all Things round
Are seen in tenfold Dreadfulness array'd,
By *Fancy's* frantic Eye. Such this rough Scene

Of watry Perturbation, threatning loud
Another Flood, like what the Old World saw,
When, for their Sins, th' Almighty *Power* dis-
pleas'd

Broke up all Fountains of the *secret Deep*,
And heav'd it universal o'er the World,
A boundless Storm; till Men were all destroy'd,
And Earth dissolv'd, in second Chaos lost.

Thus roaming with adventurous Wing the
Globe,

From Scene to Scene excursive, I behold
In all her Workings, Beauteous, Great, or New,
Fair Nature, and in all with Wonder trace
The Sovereign Maker, First, Supreme, and Best,
Who actuates the whole: at whose Command,

Obedient

Obedient Fire and Flood, tremendous rise,
His Ministers of Vengeance, to reprove,
And scourge the Nations.—Holy are his Ways;
His Works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd Wisdom, Goodness unconfi'd.

End of the First Book.



Observe that the first of these is the

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T H E
EXCURSION.

B O O K II.

NDLESS the Wonders of creating
Power,
On Earth, but chief on high thro'
Heaven display'd.

There shines the full Magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty divine: refulgent there
Ten thousand *Suns* blaze forth; each with his
Train

G

Of

Of peopled Worlds; all beneath the Eye,
And sovereign Rule of one eternal Lord.
To those bright Climes, awakning all her Powers,
And rising to a nobler Flight, the *Muse*
Ambitious soars, upborn thro' Tracts of Air;
A Path the Vultur's Eye hath not beheld,
Nor Foot of Eagle trod. And as I mount,
The fluid Ether flies Approach, observ'd
Remote, tranfluent, without Cloud serene.
Glorious Expansion! by th' Almighty spread,
Whose Limits who hath seen! or who with
Him
Hath walk'd the Sun-pav'd Circuit from old
Time,
And visited the Host of Heaven around!

Gleaming

Gleaming a borrow'd Light, from hence how

small

The Speck of Earth ! and dim Air circumfus'd,

Mutable Region, where, with lawless Course,

Clouds float, Rains fall, Storms roar, and Meteors

blaze !

But here, unruffled Calm her even Reign

Maintains perpetual : here the Lord of Day,

The neighbouring Sun, shines out in all his

Strength,

Noon without Night. Attracted by his Beams,

I thither bend my Flight, tracing the Source

Where Morning springs ; whence her innumerable

Streams

Flow lucid forth, and roll thro' trackless Ways

Their white Waves o'er the Sky. The Fountain-

Orb,

Dilating as I rise, expands immense,

A shoreless Sea of fluctuating Fire,

That deluges all Ether with its Tide.

What *Power* is that, which to its Circle bounds

The Violence of Flame ! in rapid Whirls

Conflicting, Floods with Floods, as if to leave

Their Place, and, bursting, overwhelm the World?

Motion incredible ! to which the Rage

Of Oceans, when whole Winter blows at once

In Hurricane, is Peace. But who shall tell

That Radiance beyond Measure, on the Sun

Pour'd out transcendent ! those keen-flashing

Rays

Thrown round his State, and to yon Worlds afar

Diffusing

Diffusing constant Light, and Life, and Joy !
 Such Vertue He, the Majesty of Heaven,
 Brightness Original, all-bounteous King,
 Hath to his Creature lent, and crown'd his Sphere
 With matchless Glory. Yet not all alike
 Resplendant : in these liquid Regions pure,
 Thick Mists, condensing, darken into *Spots*,
 And dim the Day. Whence that malignant
 Light,

When *Cæsar* bled, which sadden'd all the Year,
 With long Eclipse. *Some* at the Centre rise
 In shady Circles, like the Moon beheld
 From Earth, when She her unenlighten'd Face
 Turns thitherward opaque : a Space they brood
 In congregated Clouds ; then breaking float
 To all Sides round. Dilated *some* and dense,

Broad

Broad as Earth's Surface each, by slow Degrees
Spread from the Confines of the Light along,
Usurping half the Sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse Coast; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd: measuring thus the Time,
That round its Axle whirls the radiant Orb.

Fairest of Beings! first-created Light!

Aided by Thee, with Transport I survey
This Firmament, and these her rowling Worlds,
Their Magnitudes, and Motions: those how vast!
How rapid these! with Swiftnefs unconceiv'd,
From West to East in solemn Pomp rovolv'd,
Unnerring, undisturb'd; the Sun's bright Train,
Progressive thro' the Sky's light Fluent born
Around their Centre. *Mercury* the first,

Near-

Near-bordering on the *Day*, with speedy Wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where He comes,
With *sevenfold* Splendor, all his azure Road.

Next *Venus* to the Westward of the Sun,
Full orb'd her Face, a golden Plain of Light,
Circles her larger Round. Fair Morning-Star !
That leads on dawning Day to yonder World,
The *Seat of Man*, hung in the Heavens remote,
Whose Northern Hemisphere, subsiding, sees
The Sun arise ; as thro' the Zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle Path, oblique *she* winds
Her Annual Orb : and by her Side the *Moon*,
Companion of her Flight, whose solemn Beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd Globe supply
A softer Day-Light ; whose attractive Power

Swells

Swells all her Seas and Oceans into Tides,
From the mid-Deeps, o'erflowing to their Shores.

Beyond the Sphere of *Mars*, in distant Skies,
Revolves the mighty Magnitude of *Jove*,
With kingly State, the Rival of the Sun.
About Him round, four *Planetary Moons*,
On Earth with Wonder all Night long beheld,
Moon above Moon, his fair Attendants, dance.
These in th' Horizon, flow-ascending, climb
The Steep of Heaven, and, mingling in soft Flow
Their silver Radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their Noon
To where the Shade of *Jove*, outstretch'd in
Length,

A dusky Cone immense, darkens the Sky

Thro'

Thro' many Regions. To these Bounds arriv'd,
A gradual Pale creeps dim o'er each sad Orb,
Fading their Lustre; till they sink involv'd
In total Night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this, the *Sage*, who, studious of the Skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd Worlds,
By this observ'd, the rapid Progress finds
Of Light itself: how swift the headlong Ray
Shoots from the Sun's Height thro' unbounded
Space,
At once enlightning Air, and Earth, and Heaven.
Last, outmost *Saturn* walks his Frontier-Round
The Boundary of Worlds; with his pale *Moons*,
Faint-glimmering thro' the Gloom which Night
has thrown,

H

Deep-

Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill Globe forlorn;
An endless Defart ; where Extreme of Cold
Eternal fits, as in his native Seat,
Shivering on Hills of never-thawing Ice !
Such *Saturn's* Earth ; and yet even here the Sight,
Amid these doleful Scenes, new Matter finds
Of Wonder and Delight: a mighty *Ring*,
On each Side rising from th' Horizon's Verge,
Self-pois'd in Air, with its bright Circle round
Encompasseth his Orb. As Night comes on,
Saturn's broad Shade, cast on its Eastern Arch,
Climbs slowly to its Height: and at th' Approach,
Of Morn returning, with like stealthy Pace
Draws Westward off; till thro' the lucid Round,
In distant View th' illumin'd Skies are seen.

Beauteous Appearance ! by th' Almighty's
Hand

Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine those noble Works,
Great, universal Ruler ! Earth and Heaven
Are thine, spontaneous Offspring of thy *Will*,
Seen with transcendent Ravishment sublime,
That lifts the Soul to Thee ! a holy Joy,
By Reason prompted, and by Reason swell'd
Beyond all Height ; for Thou art Infinite !
Thy Virtual Energy, the Frame of Things
Pervading actuates : as at first thy Hand
Diffus'd thro' endless Space this limpid Sky,
Vast Ocean without Storm, where these huge Globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding Voyage each ;
Observant all of one unchanging *Law*.

Simplicity divine ! by this sole *Rule*,
The Maker's fix'd Establishment, these Worlds
Revolve harmonious, World attracting World
With mutual Love, and to their Central Sun
All gravitating : now with quicken'd Pace
Descending toward his prime Orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his Bounds.

This Spring of Motion, this hid Power infus'd
Thro' universal Nature, first was known
To Thee, great *Newton* ! *Britain's* justest Pride,
The Boast of human Race ! whose towering
Thought,
In her amazing Progress unconfin'd,
From Truth to Truth ascending, gain'd the Height
Of Science, whither Mankind from afar

Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that Height,
 By Death from frail Mortality set free,
 A *pure Intelligence*, He wings his Way
 Thro' wondrous Scenes, new-open'd in the World
 Invisibile, amid the general Quire
 Of Saints and Angels, rapt with Joy divine,
 Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the Soul !
 His Mind's clear Vision from all Darkness purg'd,
 For God himself shines forth immediate there.
 Thro' these Eternal Climes, the Frame of Things,
 In its Ideal Harmony, to *Him*
 Stands all reveal'd.—

But how shall mortal Wing
 Attempt this blue Profundity of Heaven,
 Unfathomable, Endless of Extent !
 Where unknown *Suns* to unknown *Systems* rise,
 Whose

Whose Numbers who shall tell ! stupendous Host !
In flaming Millions thro' the Vacant hung,
Sun behind Sun, with Gulphs of Sky between,
Measureless Distance, unconceiv'd by Thought !
Awful their Order ; each the Central Fire
Of his surrounding Worlds, whose whirling Speed,
Solemn and silent, thro' the pathless Void,
Nor Change, nor Error knows. But who, their
Ways,
By *Reason*, bold Adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare ! What Search shall find
Their Times and Seasons ! their appointed Laws,
Peculiar ! their Inhabitants unseen,
Numberless Orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse ! — Tremendous Depth and Height
Of Wisdom and of Power, that this great Whole
Fram'd

Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An Infinite of Wonders!— Thou, Supreme,
First, Independant *Cause*, whose Presence fills
Nature's vast Circle, and whose Pleasure sways,
Father of human Kind! the Muse's Wing
Sustaining guide, while to the Heights of Heaven,
Roaming th' interminable Vast of Space,
She rises, tracing thy Almighty Hand
In its dread Operations. Where is now
The Seat of Mankind, Earth! where her fam'd
Scenes
Of Wars and Triumphs! Where those nearer
Worlds,
Her neighbouring Planets, late so glorious seen,
Prodigious Bodies! now for Sight too small,
And almost lost to Thought. The Sun himself,

Ocean

†

Ocean of Flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering Star amid the Train of Night!
While in these deep Abysses of the Sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new Suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd Beams, illustrious shine;
Arcturus here, and here the *Pleiades*,
Amid the Northern Host: nor with less State,
At sumless Distance, huge *Orion's* Orbs,
Each in his Sphere refulgent, and the Noon
Of *Syrius*, burning thro' the South of Heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended Rays inflame
The *Milky Way*, whose Stream of azure Light,
Pour'd from innumerable Fountains round,
Flows trembling, Wave on Wave, from Sun to
Sun,

And

And whiten the long Path to Heaven's Extreme:
Distinguish'd Tract! But as with upward Flight,
Soaring I gain th' immensurable Steep,
Contiguous Stars, in bright Profusion sown
Thro' these wide Fields, all broaden into *Suns*,
Amazing, sever'd each by Gulphs of Air,
In Circuit ample as the Solar Heavens.

From this dread Eminence, where endless Day,
Day without Cloud, abides, alone and fill'd
With holy Horror, trembling I survey
Now downward thro' the universal Sphere
Already past; now up to Heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging Prospect find no Bound!
About me on each Hand new Wonders rise
In long Succession; here pure Scenes of Light,

Dazling the View ; here nameless Worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd : there a *dying Sun*,
Grown dim with Age, whose Orb of Flame
 extinct,

Incredible to tell ! thick, vapoury Mists,
From every Shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable Clouds, disspreading flow,
And deepning Shade on Shade ; till the faint Globe,
Mournful of Aspect, calls in all his Beams.
Millions of Lives, that live but in his Light,
With Horror see, from distant Spheres around,
The Source of Day expire, and all his Worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting Night !

Such this dread Revolution : Heaven itself,
Subject to Change, so feels the Waste of Years.

So this cerulean Round, the Work divine
Of God's own Hand, shall fade; and empty Night
Reign solitary, where these Stars now roll
From West to East their Periods: where the Train
Of *Comets* wander their eccentric Ways,
With infinite Excursion, thro' th' Immense
Of Ether, traversing from Sky to Sky
Ten thousand Regions, in their winding Road,
Whose Length to trace Imagination fails!

Various their Paths; without Resistance all
Thro' these free Spaces born: of various Face;
Enkindled some with Beams of angry Light,
Shot bristling from their Orbs in circlly Showers:
Some, thro' the Shade of Night, projecting huge,
Behind them blazing, Spires of dusky Flame,

Embody'd Mists and Vapours, whose fir'd Mass
Keen-vibrates, streaming a red Length of Air.

But lo! where *One*, from some far World re-
turn'd,

Shines out with sudden Glare thro' yonder Sky,
Region of Darkness, where a Sun's lost Globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with Night, extinguish'd lies.
By some *hid Power* attracted from his Path,
Fearful Commotion! into that dusk Tract,
The devious Comet, steep-descending, falls
With all his Flames, rekindling into Life
Th' exhausted Orb: and swift a Flood of Light
Breaks forth diffusive thro' the Gloom, and spreads
In orient Streams to his fair Train afar

Of moving Fires, from Night's Dominion won,
And wondring at the Morn's unhop'd Return.

In *still* Amazement lost, th' awaken'd *Mind*
Contemplates this great View, a Sun restor'd
With all his Worlds! while thus at large her
Flight

Ranges those untrac'd Scenes, progressive born
Far thro' etherial Ground, the boundless Walk
Of *Spirits*, daily Travellers from Heaven,
Who pass the *mystic Gulph* to journey here,
Searching th' Almighty Maker in his Works
From Worlds to Worlds; and, in triumphant
Quire

Of Voice and Harp, extolling his high Praise.

Immortal

Immortal Natures! cloath'd with Brightness
round,
Empyreal, from the Source of Light effus'd,
More orient than the Noon-Day's stainless Beam.
Their Will unnerring; their Affections pure,
And glowing fervent Warmth of Love divine,
Whose Object God alone: for all Things else,
Created Beauty, and created Good,
Illusive all, can charm the Soul no more.
Sublime their Intellect, and without Spot,
Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endless Prospect in,
Ineffable, Eternity and Time;
The Train of Beings, all by gradual Scale
Descending, sumless Orders and Degrees;
Th' unfounded Depth, which Reason dares not try,

Of God's Perfections; how these Heavens first
sprung

From unprolific Night; how mov'd and rul'd
In Number, Weight, and Measure; what hid
Laws,

Inexplicable, guide the Moral World.

Active as Flame, with prompt Obedience all
The Will of Heaven fulfil: Some his fierce
Wrath

Bear thro' the Nations, Pestilence and War:

His copious Goodness Some, Life, Light and
Bliss,

To Thousands. Some the Fate of Empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their Guardian
Wings

Bri-

Britannia's Throne, and o'er her *Sovereign's*
Head

Near-hovering Day and Night, to turn the Shaft
Of secret Fate aside; to ward th' Assault
Of open Foes: and with their Breath inflame
Those noble Thoughts, that hourly in his Breast
Arise for *Britain's* Good, and *Europe's* Peace.

Nor is the Monarch, nor th' illustrious Great
Alone their Care: to every lessening Rank
Of Worth propitious, these *blest Minds* embrace
With universal Love the Just and Good,
Wherever found, unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Deprest by Fortune, and with Hate pursu'd,
Or Insult from the proud Oppressor's Brow.
Yet dear to Heaven, and meriting the Watch

Of Angels o'er his unambitious Walk,
At Morn or Eve, when Nature's fairest Face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the Soul
With vertuous Raptures, prompting to forsake
The Sin-born Vanities, and low Pursuits,
That busy Humankind; to view their Ways
With Pity; to repay, for numerous Wrongs,
Meekness and Charity. Or born aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal Ardor, to survey
The Circuit of Creation, all those Suns
With all their Worlds: and still from Height to
Height,
By Things created rising, last ascend
To that *first Cause*, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of Being, self-existent Power,
All-wise, all-good, who from Eternal Age
K Endures,

Endures, and fills th' Immenfity of Space,
 That infinite *Diffufion*, where the Mind
 Conceives no Limits; undiftinguish'd Void,
 Invariable, where no Land-Marks are,
 No Paths to guide Imagination's Flight.

The E N D.





William and Margaret.

BALLAD.



WAS at the silent Midnight-Hour,

When All were fast asleep;

In glided *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,

And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,

Clad in a wintry Cloud:

And Clay-cold was her Lilly Hand,

That held her sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,

When Youth and Years are flown :

Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,

When Death has rest their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower,

That sips the silver Dew :

The Rose was budded in her Cheek,

Just opening to the View.

But *Love* had, like the Canker-Worm,

Consum'd her early Prime:

The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;

She dy'd before her Time.

Awake!

WILLIAM and MARGARET. 77

Awake! *She* cry'd, thy *True Love* calls,

Come from her Midnight Grave:

Now, let thy *Pity* hear the Maid,

Thy *Love* refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,

When injur'd Ghosts complain;

When yawning Graves give up their Dead

To haunt the faithless *Man*.

Bethink Thee, *William*, of thy Fault,

Thy Pledge, and broken Oath:

And give Me back my Maiden Vow,

And give Me back my Troth.

Why

Why did you promise Love to Me,
And not that Promise keep?

Why did You swear my Eyes were Bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep?

How could You say my Face was Fair,
And yet that Face forsake?

How could You win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did You say my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?

And why did I, young, witlefs Maid!
Believe the flattering Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is Fair;

Those Lips no longer Red:

Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,

And every Charm is fled.

The hungry *Worm* my *Sister* is;

This *Winding Sheet* I wear:

And cold and weary lasts our *Night*,

Till that *Last Morn* appear.

But hark! — the *Cock* has warn'd Me hence;

A long and last Adieu!

Come, see, false *Man*, how low *She* lies,

Who dy'd for Love of You.

The Lark sung loud; the Morning smil'd,

And rais'd her glistering Head:

Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb,

And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd Him to the fatal Place,

Where *Margaret's* Body lay:

And stretch'd Him on the Grass-green Turf,

That wrap'd her breathless Clay.

And thrice He call'd on *Margaret's* Name,

And thrice he wept full fore:

Then laid his Cheek to her cold Grave,

And Word spoke never more.

The END.